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healing art; and, worst of all, they made money! Much less than this has sufficed to send men to the stake, and it is no wonder the poor Jews were persecuted and held to be children of the devil—an individual much feared and respected in those days.

Now it seems that the Jews were not more exempt from a feeling of curiosity than their Christian neighbors, and therefore, like them, had been accustomed to make their way into the Abbey on the occasion of coronations—which came rather more frequently then than in our times; but some of the more orthodox, among whom was even the king himself, thought this not at all proper, and even dangerous, it being imagined or believed that they wanted to get into the king's presence for the purpose of casting on him some evil spell. The king therefore issued a proclamation the day before the ceremony, forbidding the Jews from entering the royal presence, and it is a curious commentary on the superstition of the times that witches were included with Jews in this prohibition. The Jews were kept out of the Abbey, but some of them who could not restrain their curiosity pushed their way in to see the subsequent banquet, were discovered, set upon by the nobles and nearly killed. That same night, and probably on account of this occurrence, there broke out in London a most furious onslaught upon the Jews, who were massacred and their houses plundered without mercy for two days, and the fever spread so that like scenes were enacted in York and most of the other principal cities, except Winchester.

It was in the "Jerusalem Chamber" of the Abbey—which was then, it must be remembered, really a monastery of Benedictine monks—that Henry IV. died, and where the scene of Prince Henry taking the crown from his dying father also took place, though Shakspeare locates it, apparently, in some adjoining chamber. Shakspeare has caught, however, in the fullest sense the spirit of the "wild prince's" actions on the occasion of his father's death, as related by the chroniclers of the time. It is narrated that, immediately upon the king's death, the prince retired—probably to an oratory—where he spent the whole day in remorseful meditation on his sins, and at nightfall went secretly to a hermit within the precincts, confessed, and received absolution. It is evidently to this conversion that Shakspeare alludes when he makes the Archbishop of Canterbury say (Henry V., Act I., Scene 1):

"The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits."

The supernatural was not altogether wanting to Henry's coronation, for we read of a terrible thunderstorm, which was (afterward) supposed to have been the precursor of all the turmoils and troubles of his reign.

Not to linger too long among the royalties, we may mention one more scene connected with them. At the coronation of George IV., his queen, the unhappy Caroline, presented herself at the entrance to the Abbey as early as six o'clock in the morning, but was turned back from each door in turn as soon as she presented herself at it. At the door of the South Transept, for instance, she was met by Sir Robert Inglis, who had been charged with the duty of keeping order in the "Poet's Corner," and who said to her, according to Dean Stanley, "It is my duty to announce to your Majesty that there is no place in the Abbey prepared for your Majesty." The queen asked, "Am I to understand that you prevent me from entering the Abbey?" Sir Robert repeated his former declaration, and the unhappy queen, leaning on the arm of her attendant, Lord Hood, turned away, weeping, to be carried in a few weeks to be buried in her native Brunswick.

From coronations to burials is, after all, a less violent transition, especially in Westminster Abbey, than it might seem, and nearly every tomb in the Abbey has its tale or legend connected with it. Thus, of Ben Jonson, who is buried in the North Aisle (of

which we give an engraving), tradition has it that he was buried standing. This story gains a certain support from the statement of the clerk of the works, who, in 1849, superintended the interment of Sir Robert Wilson, near Jonson, and who says that when they were digging the grave the sand ran into it from Jonson's grave, and that he saw "the two leg bones of Jonson fixed bolt upright in the sand, as though the body had been buried in the upright position; and the skull came rolling down among the sand from a position above the leg bones to the bottom of the newly made grave. There was still hair upon it and it was of a red color." Jonson was buried under a pavement stone of a blue color, eighteen inches square, upon which was the famous inscription—

"O rare Ben Jonson!"

This stone was taken up in 1821, when the aisle was repaved, and was afterward fixed in the north wall, opposite the grave, which had been marked by a small lozenge with a copy of the inscription.

Strange to say, while the Abbey's roll of illustrious dead contains men of all other callings, it bears the name of but one painter—Sir Godfrey Kneller—and he is buried at Kneller Hall, where he died. Pope tells us that Kneller, when in his last illness, sent for him, and in the course of conversation said, "By God, I will not be buried in Westminster!" and when asked why, replied, "They do bury fools there!" He was accordingly buried in the garden of his manor, but a tablet was erected to his memory in Westminster. "After this unfortunate beginning," says Dean Stanley, "no painter has been, or probably ever will be, interred within the Abbey. The burial of Sir Joshua Reynolds in St. Paul's has carried with it the commemoration of all future artists in the crypt of that great cathedral."

Nor are quaint and curious epitaphs any more wanting to Westminster than to our country churchyards. For a long time portions of the Abbey—the Cloisters—were used as a place of sepulture for private persons, even in some cases for servants, and over the graves of these may be found many quaint, curious and touching inscriptions. —S. G.

A RAIN SQUALL.

Our illustration—from a picture ordered by Mr. James Sutton, of THE ALDINE—needs no long description. To one who has ever seen a rain squall at sea the picture tells a plain tale, and a scarcely less plain one to those who have never had that fortune.

Mr. M. F. H. de Haas is one of the best known of our artists, particularly for his marine pictures, to which class he confines himself entirely, and of which he has painted a considerable number—being an exceedingly hard-working artist—all of which have attracted the attention of both artists and the general public, and, it is gratifying to know, have found very ready sale, that being, if not the highest, at least the most practical form of appreciation of an artist's work can take. Mr. de Haas has not lacked, however, for appreciation of another sort, having been well treated by the critics and having received such honors as are accessible to artists in this country—too few, indeed, though they be.

Mr. de Haas was born at Rotterdam, in South Holland, in 1832, and is consequently just in the prime of life. He came to New York in 1859, where he has remained since. He has very seldom been unrepresented in the exhibitions of the National Academy, and in 1867 was elected a member. At the Centennial he exhibited three pictures, entitled "Brig Hove to for a Pilot," "Moonrise and Sunset," owned by Gov. E. D. Morgan, and "Drifted Ashore in a Fog," and was awarded a medal in the first thirteen by a full board of judges. This was a real honor, the art judges having been gentlemen of capacity and fitness, and having acted, as is generally admitted, with fairness and discretion. In all that we, in common with others, have had to say about the "supplemental" awards, there has been no shadow of reproach cast on either the full board or the recipients of the medals awarded by them.

Among the many other pictures painted by this

artist we may mention two which have attracted perhaps more attention than any other of his works. One of these, "The Wreckers," painted some years ago, and owned by Mr. August Belmont, is considered one of the best the artist has painted, and attracted much attention when the Belmont gallery was recently thrown open in aid of the Centennial Loan Exhibition. The other, "Farragut Passing the Forts at New Orleans," was very generally admired at the time of its original exhibition: it is now owned by Mrs. Johnson, of San Francisco.

Of the peculiarities of Mr. de Haas's style we have not space to speak, if it were desirable or necessary so to do. If he can not actually control the winds and the waves, he has succeeded in being controlled by them to that degree that the very genii of ocean and sky seem to move on his canvases.

OUR NEW WORLD'S FAIR.

SPECIMENS OF CERAMIC ART—JAPANESE LACQUER WORK, ETC.

MONSIEUR VIOLET LE DUC, in his fanciful account of the origin of architecture, describes the invention of tiles as occurring very early in the infancy of the human race, the tile being, in fact, the first production of man's skill used in house-building. The imaginative author narrates the destruction by storm of a rude shelter, a nest of sticks and stones built up against the rocks, the home of a family represented as among the progenitors of a typical Aryan tribe. The *hom* and his sons rebuild the house and model from clay the few vessels that serve as the housekeeping outfit of the period. Some broken bits of pottery suggest the idea of constructing a hearth from shaped plates of baked clay. Accordingly the *hom* kneads out a number of rudely squared pieces and fires them with the pots and pans. Thus was the tile conceived and brought forth in the dim dawn of pre-historic time, a first instance of that modification of crude material by handicraft by which man establishes dominion over nature.

The tile has subserved an infinite variety of purposes, useful and ornamental, from the paving of a cabin floor to the decoration of the throne-room in a palace, but it remains to this day essentially the same plate of baked clay discovered by the Aryan *hom*.

A lump of crude clay, taken by bare hands from its native bed, rudely shaped by the same hands at the same time, and burned in the embers and ashes, the Aryan tile was fragile, porous, full of flaws and cracks, crooked and warped, and indefinite in form and color. The Minton majolica of to-day is composed of materials brought together from the ends of the earth, selected with greatest care and tempered with the most patient skill. It has a solid foundation, strengthened by ribs and cross-braces. Its body is of firmer and closer grained clay, offering a smooth face for finishing. Its surface is a vitreous glaze, perfect in texture and hard as iron. Its outlines are mathematically accurate, it is tasteful in design, and the artist embellishes it with paintings rich in the splendor of crimson and gold, or, exquisitely delicate, touched with the palest tints on his palette. A long line of ingenious and complicated machinery is used in its manufacture; it passes through many processes, some of which require months of time, and the months run into years before the long labor is finally completed. When sorted from the kiln at last, it is a triumph of art, beautiful in itself, and capable of numberless combinations with other objects, strong and serviceable as stone, impervious to water and weather, proof against fire and decay, more durable than piled up marble or monumental brass. And yet it is, like its Aryan prototype, only a little clay, fashioned by man's hand and baked in the fire.

It is not, however, to modern progress that the art of tile-making owes its development. Most of the ancient civilizations possessed knowledge of the art, and we have evidence that, except in the matter of painting, it has heretofore been brought to greater perfection than we have perhaps even yet attained. It has been, in fact, a lost art, which we within the present century have slowly regained.

The use of tiles for pictorial and ornamental purposes is closely related to mosaic work, as shown, for instance, in tessellated pavements (Latin, *tessella*, a small cube of stone). In this branch of the art the ancient civilizations excelled, and several nations have left examples of mosaic pavements of stone or tiles, or of both combined, which we can not pretend to rival.

In the main building of the Exposition is a piece of mosaic pavement from the temple of Diana at Carthage, representing a colossal couchant lion. The spirited drawing, giving the life-like action of the beast, the admirable disposition of light and shade, and the subtle gradations of color, show a faithful and intelligent study of nature on the part of the artist and a fine skillfulness on the part of the workman unsurpassed in the history of art. I think the half-tints of the background are composed of minute tiles, but have not been able to resolve certainly whether the pieces are tiles or stones, being deterred by some slight scruples from removing a bit or two to settle the point.

Not so a motherly body who was found by the horrified guardian of the mosaic treasure in the act of picking out the stones from one of the lion's paws. She wanted some Centennial memorial to take home to the boys in Peoria, and ingenuously considered that a few of those smooth pebbles would answer the purpose, at least better than nothing.

It seems to me remarkable that neither China nor Japan have anything to teach us in the artistic use of tiles. Both nations have manufactured tiles for thousands of years, according to their own accounts, and their productions are admirable as far as they go. Nothing can be better than the black roofing tiles on the Japanese houses in Fairmount Park. They are exceedingly light, perfectly interlocked, practically indestructible, and comparatively inexpensive. The porcelain plaques for building purposes exhibited by the Chinese are also good of their kind, having the qualities of color and design common to their coarser ceramic wares. But I have never seen anything from either country corresponding to encaustic and majolica work, or suggesting a knowledge of their use for the decoration of floors, ceilings, walls, wainscots, panels, pavements, borders, bands, courses, etc.

To digress incidentally once more, I will state that I overheard an observation in the Japanese department of the Main Building which tends to contravene the view here taken. A portly Matron of the Grange was passing between the cases containing the wonderful exhibit of lacquer work; beautiful cabinets, inlaid with shell and ivory and pearl; marvelous caskets, enriched with gold and enamels; superb stands and salvers of coral lacquer, mounted with silver and ebony, and a bewildering variety of luxurious articles, illustrating the high state of perfection to which the Japanese have carried their national specialty. With a sweeping glance and a wave of her hand including the whole collection, the Matron remarked to her companion, "Them's all mosaics!"

The hearth is the heart of the household. It is worthy of notice that the words heart and hearth, so nearly alike in English, bear the same close resemblance in all our Germanic mother languages. If they had a common Indo-Germanic root, the original word may have signified a centre of vital activity, radiating heat and impelling the circulation of life-currents. The synonyms of the hearth also convey the idea of the home centre. Our fires and firesides and chimney-corners and hearthstones in common parlance, as in poetry, are figures denoting the gathering-point about which the life of the family circle revolves.

As in the earliest instance imagined by Violet le Duc, tiles were used to form the hearth, so now, their most important office is in the construction and decoration of the fireplace. The most noticeable and most beautiful tiles in the Exhibition are intended for this purpose.

The Dutch were the first among modern nations to establish prosperity and comfort among the common people, enabling them to found families with homes of their own. They were, therefore, naturally the first

to appreciate and adorn the family gathering-place, the hearth where the household fire burned. They began to make ornamented tiles for fireplaces as early as the sixteenth century. Our Knickerbocker ancestors imported their homes complete from Holland, brick chimneys, tiled fireplaces and all. In New York and Pennsylvania many specimens are still to be found of these quaint Dutch tiles, white glazed, with designs in blue, generally biblical subjects—Adam and Eve, Samson and the lion, Jonah and the whale, and the sale of Joseph being among the pictures I remember well.

Within the present century the English have developed the art of tile-making from the nucleus established probably by the Romans, and in encaustic painting especially have reached finer results than ever before accomplished, so far as we have record. Artists of excellent skill have been enabled to use this medium, and manufacturers have succeeded in carrying very delicate effects through the processes of drying and burning. The exhibit of Messrs. Minton, Hollins & Co., Stoke-upon-Trent, has examples of painting under glaze and of *pâte sur pâte* which fully illustrate the progress of the art. A copy of a Flemish domestic interior is perhaps the most noticeable feature of this fine display. It is called "The Young Mother," and is the work of Mr. W. P. Simpson, one of the most distinguished masters in this walk of art. It is painted in sepia, and is a very faithful translation of an old Flemish picture in which the low tones have softened into rich deep browns. All the characteristic merits of drawing, the peculiarities of handling, and the personal manner of the painter are here reproduced, and it is really difficult to believe, at first, that this close copying has actually been executed on fire-baked tiles and covered with a fused vitreous glaze, as hard and indestructible as flint.

The size of Mr. Simpson's large picture is thirty-six by forty-eight inches, and it covers the surface of thirty tiles. Mr. Dixon has a pair of water scenes a little smaller than the above, which are the most brilliant pieces of color under glaze ever shown in America. They are painted on celadon ground, a happy tint giving full value to all the rich, bright hues lavished upon every available detail of the designs. The principal figures are storks in the one composition and cranes in the other, with accessories of lilies and other water-plants, grasses, reeds, and flying wildfowl. Mr. Dixon displays very careful study of nature and thorough knowledge, and has represented these birds with rare fidelity. He has improved to the utmost the opportunities offered by his subjects for the use of color, and gives an illustration of possibilities in tile-painting as new to us as it is attractive.

Mr. Dixon also has a pair of perpendicular panels, one tile wide, painted in *pâte sur pâte*. The subjects are tropical birds, with appropriate foliage. They are admirably executed, and afford a striking example of the fine effects attainable by the *pâte sur pâte* process.

Between Mr. Dixon's two larger pictures is placed a work of the same size by Mr. Albert Slater. This is a composition of flowering vines and butterflies, very tender and delicate. Mr. Slater in this work has succeeded with color under glaze in rendering the crisp and verdant freshness of foliage that we find among the best effects of water-color studies.

I can not undertake even to name the numerous beautiful objects in the Minton exhibit. Pendant sets of tiles for grate cheeks and fireplace jambs, and pendant panels for mural decoration, constitute a considerable part of the display. Favorite subjects for these are the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter; and the hours—midday, evening and night. These are usually symbolized by fruits, flowers, birds, animals, or human figures, conventionally treated, always spirited and truthful in drawing and usually satisfactory in color. An example of tile mosaic is given in a copy of Stuart's portrait of Washington, an ingenious and careful work, but not attractive. A large mosaic reredos will give a better idea of this line of work. It is a triptych design with a white cross surrounded by golden rays in the centre, the Christmon on one side and I. H. S. on the other.

Messrs. Marr & Co., of Brosely, Salop, have an extensive variety of ceramic tesserae, laid in beautiful designs for pavements, wall surfaces, etc. I noticed especially in this exhibit a fine mosaic of minute tiles and precious porphyry, the best example of this work I have seen; also some framed plaques of falcons and other single birds, painted under glaze—effective as oil painting on ivory. Thin, architectural majolica and geometric tiles, encaustic and terra cotta, are eminently worthy of a longer description than I can give, and I hope will serve as models for our tile manufacturers in this country.

I must leave this subject, without doing it half justice, to turn to another matter that, according to my thinking, needs present attention.

I want to record a protest against the supplementary awards of prizes in the Art Department of the Exhibition. The jurors of awards were impartial experts, one half of the number being foreign artists appointed by their respective governments. They went through their arduous work of inspection and comparison faithfully and carefully. After due deliberation they assigned eighty-eight medals, and then, having finished their labors, they adjourned, the foreigners generally going home.

After the jurors had made these awards and dispersed, the sapient Centennial Commissioners issued the amazing announcement that there had not been medals enough given out. Not one of these Commissioners is competent to form an intelligent judgment in matters of art, even had they possessed the authority to review the awards, which authority was never, even by implication, granted to them. Perhaps it may be said they did not undertake to review the awards, but merely decided, without reference to the awards, to issue more medals. Whatever argument they held, their action was, shortly stated, to appoint a committee to issue more medals.

Well, the medals were awarded, off hand, by the dozen, and I trust the recipients will appreciate them at their true worth. The egregious folly has been consummated and can not be remedied. All we can do now is to ascertain what harm has been done and to assign the blame where it belongs.

In the first place, one of the purposes of the Centennial Exhibition has been defeated. Its competitive character, so far as the Art Department is concerned, has been destroyed. The conditions under which the artists entered their works have been violated. The earnest rivalry which the Centennial offered to high ambition has been degraded to a ridiculous scramble for cheap favors.

Secondly, the jurors have been grievously and gratuitously affronted. They were invited here, in a sense, as guests of the nation. They performed the duties assigned to them conscientiously and thoroughly, judging a few works worthy of what they regarded as high honors, and judging the remaining many as unworthy. No sooner have they adjourned than the Commission invades the domain of their office, abrogates their decisions, and practically declares them incompetent.

Thirdly, the contributing artists have been wronged, especially those to whom the jurors awarded prizes. The Centennial honors for which the guild contended have been cheapened and degraded. The supplementary medalists may, some of them, take a qualified satisfaction in their questionable distinction, but the fraternity generally can only view with regret and disappointment this arbitrary breaking down of the standards of award.

It should be, and eventually will be known that the Centennial Commissioners who are accountable for the above noted, and for many similar perversions of brief authority, are by no means the men who have made the Centennial Exhibition a success. That work has been done by the Centennial Board of Finance, a totally different organization, composed of members quite incapable of such glaring and inexcusable blunders. The Board of Finance created this Exhibition, seconded by the exhibitors and supported by the people, and the Centennial Commission, intended to be an ornamental body, has, unfortunately, proved only an incumbrance. —John V. Sears.